

The Tragedie of Hamlet

May one be pardond and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guilded hand may shoue by iustice,
And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the lawe, but tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence, what then, what rests,
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state, ô bosome blacke as death,
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make assay,
Bowe stubborn knees, and hart with strings of steale,
Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe;
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it; but now a is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I reuendge, that would be scand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send
To heauen.
Why, this is base and silly, not reuendge,
A tooke my father grossly full of bread,
Withall his crimes braod blowne, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen;
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seasond for his passage?
No.
Vp sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At game a swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of saluation in't.

Then

Prince of Denmark

Then trip him that his heels may
And that his soule may be as dam
As hell whereto it goes; my moth
This phisick but prolongs thy sic
King. My words fly vp, my tho
Words without thoughts neuer

Enter Gertrave

Pol. A will comé strait, looke y
Tell him his prancks haue beene
And that your grace hath screen
Much heate and him, Ile silence
Pray you be round.

Enter Ha

Ger. Ile wait you, feare me no
With-drawe; I heare him comm
Ham. Now mother, what's the
Ger. Hamlet, thou hast thy fat
Ham. Mother, you haue my f
Ger. Come, come, you answe
Ham. Goe, goe, you question
Ger. Why how now Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now
Ger. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by the rood not so,
You are the Queene, your husb
And would it were not so, you a
Ger. Nay, then Ile set those t
Ham. Come, come, and sit yo
You goe not till I set you vp a g
Where you may see the most pa
Ger. What wilt thou doe, th
Helpe how.
Pol. What how helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead
Pol. O I am slaine.
Ger. O me, what hast thou d
Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it